A BACHELOR GIRL CHAT

LOVE—FIFTY-SEVEN VARIETIES.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

"Love," remarked the Bachelor Girl, with a shrug of her dainty shoulders, "is a funny thing."

"Whose love?" inquired the Mere Man, glancing up suspiciously from his place at her feet on the stairway.

"I was thinking of Billy Carmichael's," returned the Bachelor Girl, nodding across the potted palms at a fair-haired youth, dancing with a plain little thing in gray. "He's going to marry for it," she added contemptously.

"Worse crimes," declared the Mere Man cheerfully, "have been committed in the name of love."

"That's what's so funny about it," remarked the Bachelor Girl. "Did you ever commit any, Mr. Porter?" she inquired, leaning forward with sudden interest.

"Well," acknowledged the Mere Man ruefully. "I've written poetic valentines, and overspent my allowance, and stayed awake all night, and forgotten to eat my dinner, and fought with my best friends, and lied to my mother, and shaved off my mustache and——"

"And grown it again," scoffed the Bachelor Girl, with a ripping laugh, "for the next love."

"How did you know it?" murmured the Mere Man admiringly.

"Oh," the Bachelor Girl tossed her head nonchalantly, "variety is the spice of love. And with a man, nothing but matrimony puts an end to the variety. Marriage is merely the black coffee that he takes to settle him, after he has gone through a whole sentimental table d'hote, from bread-and-butter, to pudding with champagne sauce. And the greater the number of love affairs he has had, the more willing he is to be settled."

"Poor Charmichael!" sighed the Mere Man compassionately.

"She is a fright, isn't she?" agreed the Bachelor Girl, with a glance of pity at the girl in gray.

The Mere Man started.

"As I was saying——" he began.

"And the way she wears her hair is positively frumpy and years too young."

"As I was saying," continued the Mere Man hastily, "more crimes have been committed in the name of love than in the name of science and medicine and religion all put together. It's such a good excuse for doing what you want to do and shouldn't, like marrying the wrong person or neglecting your business, or dawdling away your time, or flirting with somebody you have no right——"

"Nobody ever did those things for love, Mr. Porter," interrupted the Bachelor Girl, with an impatient flourish with her gauze fan. "Not for real love, anyhow," she added less emphatically.

"All love is real," protested the Mere Man, "at the time. The effect differs only with the variety."

"And there are fifty-seven varieties!" cried the Bachelor Girl, waving her fan dramatically.

"And each," agreed the Mere Man enthusiastically, "is a total different sort of pickle."

"What!"

"Well," explained the Mere Man, "there's the sweet and simple kind that we get a taste of before we are out of school; the kind that manifests itself in bad poetry and pipe dreams and carrying about souvenirs in your left breast pocket. And then there's the tobasco kind——"

"I never heard of that," remarked the Bachelor Girl wonderingly.

"Of course, you didn't," retorted the Mere Man hastily. "And then there's the chow-chow kind—like ours."

"Like what, Mr. Porter?"

"Oh, like sugar, and pepper, and spice all chopped together," explained the Mere Man. "That's the most fascinating variety, and the most dangerous. But," he added hopelessly, "you never can tell what any sort of love is going to make you do."

"No," agreed the Bachelor Girl dryly. "There's the kind that makes a man marry a woman and keep her all the rest of her life washing and cooking and sewing for nine children; and the kind that makes him resist marrying her and leave her to pay her own gas bill and room rent, because he wants all his own income for himself; and the kind that drives him to drink; and the kind that reclaims him from it; and the kind that keeps him drudging at the office to pay for a woman's freeks; and the kind that keeps him running around at her heels while his business goes to rack and ruin. In short, love is the universal masculine excuse for every lapse, or folly, or crime, from going without a shave to breaking a girl's heart or breaking into a bank. And the most astounding part of it is," she finished, fanning herself furiously, "that after a man has tried fifty-six varieties of it he can still stand up with a perfectly straight face and tell the fifty-seventh girl that he never has really loved before!"

"Well," protested the Mere Man shamelessly, "he never has—in exactly the same way. That's the beauty in variety in love, or wine, or pickles. Your taste gets educated to a finer appreciation; and each time that you discover a new brand you forget all the others and honestly believe that at last you have discovered the real thing, and you have—only in a different form."

"And a different face," rejoined the Bachelor Girl witheringly. "And after a while you get so used to a variety that no particular brand and no particular woman will satisfy you; and the girl who marries you discovers that all the edge has been worn off your sentiment, and that you make love simply out of habit, and talk in stock phrases, and use pet names from custom, and have taken her merely—as black coffee. But love is quite a different thing to a woman. It isn't a 'habit' nor an 'excuse' with her. It is something rare and fine and enobling; not a rag to hang her follies on and——"

"And yet," sighed the Mere Man, crossing his knees and clasping his hands thoughtfully around them, "there was that woman out West who shot a man—for love."

The Bachelor Girl dropped her fan.

"Oh, that——"

"And that other one who ran away from her husband and children—for love."

"But, Mr. Porter——"

"And the one who stole money to buy pretty clothes—for love."

"But, don't you see——"

"And the hundreds and thousands, who nag their husbands with jealousy and suspicion, and watch them like professional detectives and cut them off from all communication with their friends and families, and make them read tracts and go to temperance lectures and eat health foods—for love. The funny thing about love," he continued, twisting the Bachelor Girl's fan thoughtfully, "is that, instead of inspiring you to make one another happy, it usually inspires you with an irresistible impulse to make one another as miserable as possible; instead of transforming you into a slave, it transforms you into a tyrant; instead of giving you the noble desire to do self-sacrificing things, it appears to give you a malicious desire to tie one another to the house, and dose one another with medicine and pry into one another's affairs, and regulate one another's habits and interfere with one another's pleasures, and keep tab on one another's feelings. I wonder," he added musingly, "if there is any variety of love that could make a man desist from telling his wife that the coffee was cold and the biscuits were burnt, or that could make a woman resist asking her husband how many girls he had kissed before and where he had been all evening."

"Of course there is," returned the Bachelor Girl confidently. "Real love; the love that is built on mutual trust and mutual admiration, and is full of forbearance and sympathy and unselfishness and——"

"And only comes in novels," suggested the Mere Man wryly.

"I wish," said the Bachelor Girl, starting to rise, "that you would not joke on a subject on—on which I feel very deeply, Mr. Porter."

"How many times?" inquired the Mere Man, glancing up out of the corners of his eyes.

"What?"

"How many times have you felt very deeply—in love?"

The Bachelor Girl sank back into the shadow of the potted palms.

"Oh, dear!" she sighed helplessly. "Every time, of course."

"Of course," agreed the Mere Man sympathetically. "A girl usually does. And yet she can stand up with a perfectly straight face each time and say that she never really loved before."

"Well," protested the Bachelor Girl weakly, "I never really did—in exactly the same way."

"Neither did I," declared the Mere Man leaning over and trying to look into her eyes.

"It's funny," remarked the Bachelor Girl, gazing dreamily out through the palms, "how Billy Carmichael's taste has changed since I was—one of his varieties."

"Oh, I don't know," said the Mere Man cheerfully. "Mine has—since the girl in gray was one of my——"

"Since when, Mr. Porter?" The Bachelor Girl sat up suddenly.

"Since I met you," finished the Mere Man hurriedly.

Straight-backed "Old Ladies."

Dr. Jennie de la M. Lozier told the Rutgers Alumnae Association how to grow old gracefully at its annual luncheon in the Waldorf-Astoria, yesterday afternoon, says the New York Tribune.

"We can't be beautiful any more," she said, "but we can be as charming as ever, perhaps even more so."

Yet physical charms are not to be neglected.

Take good care of the vital structure of your own personality," counselled the speaker. "In other words, of your body, and don't double over as our grandmothers did. Let us be straight up and down old ladies.

"Cultivate the passive virtues," the speaker further advised. "Learn not to do things. Let the younger women do them. We are told that it is more blessed to give than to receive, but no one could have the blessedness of giving if there were no one to receive. It should be the part of the older people to receive graciously and gratefully. In that way we can add to the happiness of the world as truly as if we were givers."

The president, Mrs. Richard Storrs, made a brief address, and Miss Dotha Stone Pines, of Norwalk, Conn., told some stories.

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

Conspicuously displayed in the window of a little booth where soda checks are sold is this sign: "Try to look pleasant, even if it does hurt you," and its effect upon those whose surprised eyes meet the words is worth noting. It is a bit roughly expressed and the first effect is something of a shock, but that is instantly followed by a general relaxation of the muscles of the face.

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Sour looks are not always an indication of unpleasant thoughts. The human face settles into unconscious habits and the mark of annoyance on the face remains long after the unpleasantness is forgotten. A man who is the fortunate possessor of a sunny nature burst into the house the other evening with the boisterout air of a school boy, and to his wife's surprised inquiry regarding the cause of his gayety, he answered that on his way home he was suddenly struck with the thought that he was getting too sedate. From that time on he meant to be merry.

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The good woman had seen no fault in him since she assumed his name, but she realized that his resolution was harmless and should be helped along. If a merry heart made life nicer for him it would do quite as much for her, so she is following his example. We do not see much light-heartedness outside the ranks of the youthful. We begin to take life very seriously before we really know much about it, and much is required to openly amuse us. Professional entertainers are often at their wits' end to draw laughter, or even smiles, from audiences whose coldness and unresponsiveness penetrates to the wings of the stage. I have heard one of the funniest actresses on the stage say that there have been nights when she sought her dressing room with chattering teeth after an act into which she threw her best effort with dismal results.

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The crowded house refused to be amused and refused so strongly and unanimously that she felt to insignificant for words. She would have liked to return their money, even though she worked her hardest to earn it. We have gone pretty far in the wrong direction when we cannot see the humor of a funny story or absurd situation; when we cannot appreciate wit and cleverness. We have gone too far when our faces look as if life had but one side, and that dull gray. I am always glad each Christmas that I have not lost my desire to hang up my stocking, even though most of my presents are too large to be put into it. I know that way down in the toe will be something choice, and finding it there adds to the pleasure of receiving it.

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The only remedy for a too serious mind is the cultivation of a habit of finding amusement in trifles. Watch the birds and note their similarity to humans in many little ways. Watch the children at their silly little games and see how interested you can become in the progress of a game of hop-scotch or marbles. Listen to conversation in public places and laugh at the absurd mistakes of those who are talking, but be careful to avoid hurting anybody's feelings. I heard one woman trying to tell another what locomotor ataxia was, as she understood it, and I had a good inward laugh at what would probably be the other woman's description to the next person who asked for that particular bit of information. It was harmless amusement.

BETTY BRADEEN.

MADAME SPECTATOR'S OBSERVATIONS

By CATHERINE ALLMAN.

Grip has laid its icy, scorchy hand on its tens of thousands of victims this winter, and has caused many to break forth into invectives, prayers, or poetry as the temperament and mental condition of the patient determined. It has been the subject of editorials and has been bandied about by pert paragraphers, who have tried to make a joke out of what too often proves a tragedy.

Whisky and quinine seem to be the most popular first aid—when the victim has an understudy who can take the quinine. Here is a frolicsome quatrain as evolved in the disordered mind of a recent sufferer, who assured me that it was on his mind and that his recovery would date only from the time that the lyric gem was given to a panting public:

Oh, grip, it is a awful thing,
A awful thing is grip;
For it's a case of nip and tuck,
Unless you tuck a nip.

The task of giving your children a proper conception of the Biblical story of the fall of man is oftimes a delicate and difficult one. Sometimes their young intuitions grasp the salient points of the old story with a quickness that startles, and again their impression of the Biblical tale is humorously warped by their individual environments and outlook on life. An enthusiastic young settlement worker told me of her experience with a band of young Americans who spoke mostly with a foreign accent. "And so," she concluded the tale with impressive emphasis, "Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden because they had sinned grievously in tasting of the forbidden fruit of the tree."

"Miss," piped up a little street Arab, "do you reckon de Garden o' Eden looked anything like de Zoo Park?"

"Aw, g'wan, Jimmie," interrupted his chum scornfully; "wot yer tinkin' 'bout, anyways, kiddo? Dis ain't no Noer's Ark story; dis is where de Lord told old Mr. Adam and de Missus to skidoo cause dere rent wus due!"

Members of the Catholic faith frequently hold up Protestants to scorn because of the latter's laxity in the matter of fulfilling the duties which they owe to the church of their belief. In fact, in many cases Protestant churches seem to exist rather in spite of their adherents than because of them, so loosely do the duties of religious living sit upon many Protestants, who seem to find the least religious restraint or imposed task peculiarly irksome and distasteful. Nothing illustrates this attitude better than the conversation of two Christian ladies on church matters:

"Mrs. Smith is a splendid church worker," one of them remarked; "her ambition and energy never fail, and she has done more to help us than any other one woman in the parish."

"Well," rejoined the other lightly, "I don't see how she can find the time to devote to church interests as you say she does. I'm a member of the church myself, of course; have been for years, but I must say, in these strenuous days, that I don't work at it much of the time."

The harassing rounds of society queens have been told in song and story, not to mention the times they have been played up in Sunday papers. American women take the palm for the strenuous life, so say visiting foreigners; but their list of comparative achievements, lasting monuments of their existence, aim in life, and all that sort of thing, falls far short of the broader interests of, say, the English or French woman.

English women go in for charity very, very seriously, not through the frivolous means of charity balls which mark the sporadic philanthropies of our American women, but upon a working plan of actual lasting benefit to those whom they seek to help. Of course, it is a sort of fetich with the aristocratic classes, and English women play the role of Lady Bountiful with very complacent enjoyment. Their interest in understanding of and petticoat influence in politics is too patent to be ignored, and they are never too rushed with social engagements to slight the heavy London newspapers with their "superfluity of good English and paucity of human interest," as one flippant American puts it.

American society women, the pampered and spoiled goddesses of chivalrous American men at the present age, are too busy thinking of their own whims and fancies to give anything but a passing interest to matters outside their own little feminine world. Probably the life of a New York social butterfly is best expressed in the following epigrammatic sentence of a "way-up" lady to an intimate friend: "My dear," she is quoted as saying, "it's all a question of up, up, up. We get up, we make up, we dress up, and then we, or some one else, 'sets up.'"

It is well always to have a distinct understanding with one's maids when employing them as to the exact boundaries of their duties, so there may be no recriminations later. An experienced housekeeper who is used to the ways of these inexperienced "home-breakers" usually tries to have a complete understanding and then insists upon the carrying out to the letter of her mandates.

Recently she had to deal with the raw product, a colored girl from the rear woods of Virginny or Ma'yland, whose unskillfulness was only enhanced by her grinning willingness to "try" everything, from making a cake to wearing some of her mistress' wearing apparel unbeknownst to the fair owner. The lady labored with the handmaiden for many weary days, teaching her culinary art and the delicate little ins and outs of cleaning up and simultaneously removing dirt, a multifarious scheme which seems not to have penetrated very far into the intelligence and skill of many house toilers.

Liza showed herself to be fairly apt, and when she had advanced from the stage of boiling the potatoes in the teakettle to cooking them in a utensil purchased for the purpose, her mistress thought she would break her into waiting on the table, never anticipating any opposition on the part of the colored party of the second part. But when the question arose, Liza's spunk did likewise, having been generated by association with city negroes.

"Wait on table?" she demanded in reply to the mistress' suggestion; "no'm, Ah doan' know nuffin' 'bout waitin' on table; you neber said nuffin 'bout waitin' on table noways; down fum whar Ah cum folks does dey own stretchin' anyways."

Home-made Bagdad.

"I made by own Bagdad portiere," writes one ingenious woman.

"My friend had a genuine one, beautifully embrodered in yarns. I copied it most successfully by taking two strips of best natural color burlap, each three and one-half yards long; Germantown yarn in the shades most employed by the Orientals, and darning them together. Then I darned upon it the mosques, lanterns, and geometric designs in rough outline, and every one thinks it a real Bagdad. It can be used for couch cover or portiere. The cost was less than $2."

The Matinee Bag.

Fitted bags and purses rival each other this winter in their wealth of compartments and ingenious manner of stowing away in infinitesimal space pads, mirrors, powder puffs, watches, pins, and all conceivable and many inconceivable articles that may possibly make for comfort or convenience in the course of the day's round. Of all these bags and cases the new opera bags are perhaps the most truly marvelous. Strictly speaking, these cases should be known as matinee bags, for in this day and generation no one would dream of taking about in the evening a leather case or bag of any description whatsoever. When magnifying glasses are denied, lorgnettes must be used, and all the other minute and always useful articles must be dispensed with, since they are not considered in keeping with an opera costume, says the New York Times.

The newest "matinee bag," therefore, as it should properly be called, has already found its way to the heart of every theatergoer. In one neat little leather case, apparently no larger than an ordinary hand purse, are contained, besides all the necessary compartments for change, bills, cards, tickets, lists, and handkerchiefs, &c., a pair of miniature but perfect opera glasses, a tiny but useful pen, a mirror and small comb, a powder puff, shopping list and pencil, and on the outside of the case a small but perfectly reliable timepiece. These cases are now to be had in all shades, light and dark, of morrocp, and at a great range of prices, according to whether the purse is bound with white metal, gilt, silver, or gold, and according to the inherent costliness of the pen, opera glasses, and other articles.

Same Thing.

From Illustrated Bits.

Ernie—They say he is wedded to his art.

Ethel—But he has a wife. Would you call her art?

Ernie—I suppose so. She's painted.

The Most Versatile Queen.

The Queen of Norway is one of the busiest women in Europe, and she has so many interests that she can never be lonely. Not only is she a loving wife and a devoted mother, but she is an expert at many handicrafts which involve much practice and entail long study. She writes excellent prose and pretty verse; she speaks fluently five languages, English, French, German, Danish, and Norwegian, and can converse well about the literature of each. She is fond of sewing, doing not only fancy work, but plain and useful stitching; she knits stockings for her four-year-old son, Prince Olaf, and other children, and she spins with an old-fashioned wheel. She is fond of wood-carving and bookbinding, and has turned out some really beautiful work in these crafts. Like her mother, Queen Alexandra of England, she is skillful with the camera and understands all the mysteries of developing, printing, and enlarging. In sports she is an adept; for she sails a yacht like an old salt, pulls a strong oar, skates gracefully, rides a horse and a bicycle, runs a motor car, and has recently learned ski-ing. Since her husband was chosen King of Norway she has joined him in all the winter sports for which their new home is famous. Not only in the outdoor sports, but in the quieter games of indoors does Queen Maud excel; she is a good chess player, her billiards are skillful, and she plays a good enough game of whist to be a partner of her father King Edward. Truly is Queen Maud a versatile young woman, for she is only thirty-eight years old.

Where the Medicine Went.

From the London Opinion.

Mrs. Newlywed—Doctor, that bottle of medicine you left for baby is all gone.

Doctor—Impossible! I told you to give him a teaspoonful once an hour.

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes; but John and I and mother and the nurse have each to take a teaspoonful, too, in order to induce baby to take it.